1791

the contracts for the army, &c.; on this account
the wits call her " La Princesse Cacao."

There is to-night a ball at Madame de Soye-
court's, for six hundred people, dancing on the
graves of their fathers, or rather, ankle ^ deep in
their blood : *n'importe ! il faut danser!*

I went some days since with the Perregaux to
a ball at THotel de Marbceuf. The old proprietress,
Madame de Marbceuf, was guillotined by Robes-
pierre, because she had ordered her garden to be
sown with hay-seed for horses, instead of corn or
potatoes for men.

At a dinner where I was, at Formalague's,
Roederer and La Grange got into an argument and
grew loud. The former at last pulled out pistols,
and laid them on each side of him on the table.[1]

Le Bois de Boulogne is now the fashionable
lounge, and Bagatelle, a sort of tavern; both are
open, and are very pretty when full of elegant
people. Most of the Bois is cut down.

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[1] Some years ago, a party were playing at whist at
Wattier's Club with Mr. B., whose discussion with Lord D.
then occupied a good deal of public attention. To the
astonishment of all, Mr. B. suddenly put down his cards,
pulled out a pair of pistols and placed them by his side;

upon which Lord A., who had just entered, and who was a kind of *MU noire* to B. and the cause of this warlike display, exclaimed, in his usual droll way, " I hope you do not expect your adversary to follow suit."